

NERVES SHATTERED, SAYS PEACHES, CHARGING HUSBAND WITH CRUELTY

Girl Bride in Own Story Tells of Daddy's Delight When He Caused Her Pain

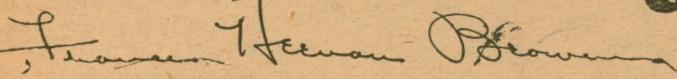
"Afraid of my own husband!"

Peaches Heenan Browning continues in The GRAPHIC today her amazing confession of what went on behind the bridal door of her marriage with Edward West Browning. It fairly crackles and sizzles with its intimate revelations. She reveals his shortcomings as a man—and a husband.

"There is a limit to love," she poignantly writes, "I was driven from him to PRESERVE MY SELF-RESPECT."

Read how the unsophisticated girl wife suffered and sacrificed all, through her belief in the protestations of the man she charges turned from saint to satyr!

Why I Left— Daddy Browning



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INSTALLMENT NO. 3

I am a normal girl, with the instincts for love, wifehood and motherhood that every girl has. Mr. Browning did not satisfy those instincts.

It was not long after we were married that I realized Mr. Browning's shortcomings as a loving, considerate husband. There were other things in his life that meant more to him than the preservation of my love and self-respect.

Tried to Please Daddy

I tried to please Mr. Browning in every way I could. When I married him I loved him, and I did things that I never would have done for anything else but love.

But there is a limit to all things, even love.

I am sorry if my efforts to make him a good wife failed. I am dreadfully sorry that instead of appreciating my love he took advantage of it.

To Mr. Browning, perhaps, I was only another toy. He played with me and tired of me. Maybe he is already looking for another plaything.

A Dreadful Experience

But to me this sudden ending of my dreams and hopes is a dreadful experience. It is all the more heart-breaking because I tried so hard to win a place as his true wife and make myself deserving of his fullest kindness and consideration.

Mr. Browning has toyed with different kinds of love before, both as husband and adopter. His first marriage was a failure. His latest adoption was another fizzle. But he did adopt two little girls—one is now with his first wife, the other is still with him.

Little Dorothy Sunshine is all he has left after all his experiments with women and girls.

I cannot help but feel sorry for Mr. Browning in spite of all that has happened, but there is nothing I can do now. His actions forced me to go away. He can blame only himself.

Answers Browning's Charges

Mr. Browning, in a published statement in answer to the managing editor of The GRAPHIC about this sad affair, declares:

"Mrs. Heenan slept in Mrs. Browning's room. To even as much as whisper to my wife, I had to awaken Mrs. Heenan."

Mr. Browning seems to insinuate

Before the Smash



BROWNING and Peaches in one of their camera poses taken just before the latter fled from her 51-year-old husband. This is one of Daddy's favorite pictures.

Love Bereft Browning Bares Boudoir Secrets

In an astonishing interview of his amazing career, Edward West Browning, self-appointed "High Priest of the Daddy Cult," stood last night in his pulpit of business on West 72d Street, and there amid the ruins of his Temple of Love, revealed to the world through The GRAPHIC, the most intimate details of his married life with Peaches Heenan, his child wife.

His eyes, chiseled with tears and grief, he stripped his very soul to the raw as he gave to the public the innermost secrets of their boudoir sanctuary, and figuratively laid to the open grave the gold tapestry of their very bridal couch, now torn to tatters.

It was told without reserve or hobbies of delicacy. He denied, however, that he was a Lothario, a gay and unscrupulous rake, and asserted time and again that he had wooed and married the ONLY GIRL HE LOVED.

"I wanted, oh how I longed for a CHILD OF MY OWN," he sobbed out in his heart anguish.

It's his own story, gripping, thrilling, freighted with ardor, and every step of his honeymoon trail looming forth from the first coy glance of his Amaryllis to the little

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Peaches With GRAPHIC as Others Hunt

While every other newspaper in the city had one or more representatives out searching high and low in a vain effort to locate Frances Peaches Browning, the child wife of millionaire Daddy Browning, whose escape from the loveless lovenest her mate fitted up has made her perhaps the most talked-about person in the land today, was sitting comfortably in The GRAPHIC office on City Hall Place.

Peaches came to The GRAPHIC with the manuscript of her daily installment in the startling series of articles revealing the secrets of her unusual relationship with Daddy Browning. Today she is with friends in Staten Island, resting, after the hectic events of the past ten days, before she sets to work planning her future. But all that is another story.

Locks a Type Form

Peaches, accompanied by her mother, was driven in from Englewood, N. J., early yesterday, and she personally handed over the manuscript to the managing editor of The GRAPHIC. Later she posed for a photographer, as she locked the form of type containing the daily installment of her story.

Then she was driven away at top speed over a secluded road to the home of her close friends in Staten Island. The chauffeur put on extra speed to avoid pursuit by detectives, who, it is feared, may have been engaged by Browning to trail her in an effort to learn her whereabouts.

Peaches has made no definite plans for the future. She has been advised on good authority that she may sue Browning for separation, and stands a good chance of getting enough alimony to maintain her in the manner to which she was accustomed as the wife of the millionaire realtor.

May Sue on Cruel Treatment

If she sues for separation, Peaches will base her move on cruel and inhuman treatment.

In the meantime, Browning, apparently in anticipation of such action and at the urging of lawyers, constantly repeats his love for his wife. He emphasizes his devotion and the fact that the latch string

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Peaches' Love Dream Turned Into a Nightmare

my dream of love has turned into a hideous revolt.
my nightmare. At last I am awake to the
realities + horrors of my unfortunate marriage
to Mr. Browning + I am left broken-
+ disillusioned by my experiences with
his strange actions

HERE THE PEN traces the emotions of an aroused soul. It has been a sad awakening for the millionaire's girl bride; but if its lesson shall be learned by the world, particularly by the youth of the world, this unfortunate experience will not have been without a blessing.